

Rentrer en Soi, Murder Intent

Why? Living is the real fault.
My pockets have no aspiration.
Your promise is in Pandora's Box.
There is only despair before eyes after all.
The miasma expands.
Never count down.
The detestation grows.
Never count down.
The fault.
Why? Dying is the real truth.
My body begins to rot.
Your hearts is pretend to be a lie.
There is only chaos before eyes after all.
The miasma expands.
Never count down.
The detestasion grows.
Never count down.
It is evaluated only that I change from white to the black.
Die and blind is real brightness.
Kill your lie.
Destruction.
Does my true voice arrive and hear?
Solitude clings anytime and does not leave it.
I am about to lose sight of a meaning to live.
Solitude clings anytime and does not leave it.
Destruction.
The miasma expands.
Never count down.
The detestasion grows.
Never count down.
It is evaluated only that I change from white to the black.
Die and blind is real brightness.
Kill your lie.